

his
Tay. both, his gives me absolutely no idea of
the delicious colouring, the perfect combinations,
which make Bolton charming!

[illegible]

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now. another curve round a rising meadow takes it
out of view, but again the gleam of water catches
the eye under the distant arch of Bolton Bridge;
after that, you see the Wharfe no more, but compell
its course by the thick forest-belt which borders it
scalloping the sides of the bounding hills. Rejuven
you & the Abbey are lightly wooded green slopes
dotted with grazing cattle: to the south, is an
immediate back ground of trees, while beyond
above stretches a broad grassy bosom not-
unlike the swell of the chalk downs, save that
the sky-line is sharper, but there are denes
with clumps of trees, knolls dotted with
trees, & ever shifting cloud shadows mark
slopes that remind one of a Swiss landscape.
To the east - is a long sweep of the unmistakable
moor. Black in the distance, scanned &
river, giving just the touch of wildness
which preserves the scene from ^{becoming} soft &
beauty. Another feature of some ^{importance} ~~importance~~ ^{is} ~~is~~
opposite to the east window - what is known as the
Purple Rock, a huge, perpendicular ^{See} ~~uncovered~~ ^{partly} ~~partly~~ ^{to the}
of curious purplish hue, - due ^{perhaps} to the
presence of iron. To the ruin itself no ^{belonging} ~~belonging~~ ^{belongs} ~~belongs~~
pertains; it is altogether soft & cautious in
decay, - a cherished link between the past &
the present; a most pleasing witness to the continuity
of the Church.

The scenery of the river itself is delightfully varied.
One lovely peep gives you a stretch of smooth-flowing
water, still as a lake, yet dazzling with a perpetual tremble;
here the river is blue with the azure of the sky, slightly
flecked with images of floating clouds, while beneath are ^{green} ~~green~~

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green depths of shadowy forest, for hazel & alder dip
their branches in the stream, & "stand double, the
shadow." Reaching up to the high sky line, which
is edged with a peaked fringe of firs, are the softest
green billows - sycamore & elm, beech & oak.
Looking in their early spring dress like nothing
but the clouds above them, so yielding, their outlines,
so hazy, their hues. Surely the leap of a trout
made that splash! Yes, the angler knows its
whereabouts; there he is in mind. Stream trying
the water in a knowing way: nothing there: he adds
to the bank which the stream keeps up; pity, for
you did not see that splash; the fellow that
made it must weigh at least a pound; there
is another leap in the very spot you occupied!

Over the wooden bridge, up, you come to a spot
where four long island, side by side & thickly
wooded divide the stream; the alders hang
over the margins & dip their branches in pure
luxury as an idle hand is hung out for
boat. The divided stream is broad & shallow, noisy
as a mountain beck, & flecked all over with angry
white, for the boulders are in the way & impede
its course at every foot. On the further bank,
on the further bank, rising to a great height, the
~~lower branches sweeping the water~~, is the loveliest
bank of thick verdure, displaying every tender
tint of early green, the warm flush of the oak, but
not yet the steel green of the ash which is ~~prevalent~~
to prevail ^{prevalently} in the coloring of the woods ~~at which~~ ^{and} the

Above the islands you suddenly lose the stream,
 a thick clump of trees on this side meeting the
 woods on that; & then, an opening, a 'lile dub'
 the old-folk would call it, a bit of the river no
 longer than it is broad, still as a lake, looking
 dark & deep as Dogmere Pool, hemmed in
 altogether by depths of wood, which, on the
 further side, rise, & rise swelling softly
 into a hill, a mountain almost, edged
 by the black line of the moors.

Half a mile above the Abbey in a space of some
 three hundred yards, the Wharfe cuts its way
 through the ravine: the walls, of tumbled
 moss-grown boulders, rise sheer from
 the river, & ash & elm - ~~reach up into the~~
~~light~~ - curiously straight & tall - reach
 up into the light from the river's brink.
 The banks are not thickly wooded here, but
 every square yard offers a study of 'Art
 Embroidery' such as the South Kensington
 people should delight in - the rich hues of
 the moss, cracker, harts tongue, hyacinth,
 clarry clitchwort, London blue clouds of foxglove,
 on - not patches of red campion & yellow
 primrose, spending themselves for the adorn-
 ment of these rugged boulders.

The rocks draw together, shutting in the river
 enormous masses of fantastic shape, &
 curiously rounded by the

the sees of the waters when "Wharfedale" is in flood:
here, in the channel, are nicely carved slabs for
the piers, - or are they the corners of the river
outcrops? - sloping like shapes with a double
black fringe that an undertaker might envy, &
'pot-holes,' quite round, sometimes three or
four feet deep. ^{fores draw} Still, the rocks, ^{draws} the river flows between, deep & still, but a
line of light foam in mid-stream tells of
recent trouble: by & by, however is the
opening that a man may leap across, a
fearful leap, for the waters are deep below, but
many try it; & someone looks on a
neighbouring tree & says at what risk. "This
striding place is called the Strid!"
Just above is a cataract, a slight fall forms
six or eight feet; where the whole of Wharfe
comes tumbling through a narrow opening -
an endless apron of amber beads, except
that in the near corner the waters are
flung against an elbow of green moss-
grown rock which breaks the fall, & throws
up again, not beads, but a tumultuous
mass of purple & fall delicious tints of
chocolate & red. Below the fall, what a
hurrying & hurrying, what a heaving &
beething! rises you see none, ^{can} ^{see}
that the rocky basins are filled with ^{nothing}
yeast, while, blown aside into corners
here & there are heaps of foam. Above this
tumult, the river flows deep & still in
a narrow channel which it has carved out
of

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of the grudging rocks; & presently, the ravine opens
out & a stunning blue path stretches away
into the heart of the ~~thick~~ woods.
And this is the person tried, when the Boy of Egremond
was - not drowned! ^{question} also, that ~~research~~ ^{research} should
~~made~~ ^{historical} ~~illustrate~~ ^{illustrate} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~function~~ ^{function} ~~would~~ ^{would} ~~call~~ ^{call}
draw as to the ~~historical~~ ^{historical} truth of a legend so fit for
this romantic spot.

Up stream on the left bank - through
an avenue of magnificent beeches with
colossal smooth grey trunks - to the right
now, by a path which leads you into an open
park-like enclosure shut in by Park Gate,
a spur of the moor: this is Bolton deer park,
where are the heavy prints of the forest, oaks
that were old when the Conqueror came, that
remember the early raids of the Danes. The
last spark of life has gone out of some of them,
& they stand, enormous trunks with
withered skeleton arms; ~~stretching~~, ~~abroad~~
~~rares & meaningless~~, in others, the genial
Spring wakens a little stirring of the blood,
on a two more vigorous branches bask
to cloth themselves as of old. While their
gnarled brethren spread abroad with new
a leaf to cover their nakedness. One old
trunk, "A new shell, more than 30 feet in
circumference was lately discovered in
pushing a new walk through the depths of
a solitude heretofore unexplored." Here too
red deer have taken refuge, but even in this
seclusion they are shy & seldom show themselves.

April 1887

A little further, & you are in the Valley of Desolation,
otherwise Rosforth Gill. The Rosforth being a
tributary beck which in its way to the Wharfe.
Here, too, the trees are grim with age, & many
of them weird skeletons. Others, whose life
appears to struggle with death, & of which a
piece of dead wood encumbers the living
branches. Lightning has had its part in the
~~ruin~~ ^{ruin}, & there is a trunk miserably
chattered & splintered. In the rest, the valley offers
unweary walking over widely strewn boulders:
a Valley of Desolation before, the Thunderstorm
of last July has wrought here a scene of singular
havoc. A tremendous flood must have
^{come through} ~~filled~~ the Gill, & ~~it~~ ^{it} rearing it to
its foundations: such a scouring, too! Time was
when the boulders lay, composed ^{in a} of decent-gamined
of snow; now every rock in the valley has
been scoured, till, save for the general countenance
of the boulders.
You might take the whole for debris recently
cast out of a quarry. At the head of the
Gill the little Rosforth descends by a fall
some fifty feet - pretty & graceful enough,
& no doubt fine when the becks are in
flood after heavy rain.

One more sketch, and have done: up the valley
still, Rembrake Seat invites us, from which
point we follow the river northward into great
depths, & behold, on a brow in the heart of the woods,

A ruined Tower, grey & broken down amidst the leafy
spring verdure, like a hoary sire amongst children's
children; & hills beyond & above the stretch the
everlasting hills, barren & unpeopled, awful in
impenetrable mass. This is Barden Tower, where
dwelt by choice the gentle Shepherd Lord of
Chipton, the son of that Lord Clifford who was slain
at Towton Field, & who himself had slain the
young Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of York.
Wherefore the family of Clifford were in ill favour
with the house of York, & after the battle of Towton
their only hope lay in flight & concealment.
Lord Kenne, the heir, was deprived of his estates
& honours during a space of twenty-four years,
all which time he lived as a shepherd, for
greater security, under the protection of his
stepfather, in the village of Threlkeld in
Cumberland. He was restored in the first
year of Henry VII.; & his said father acquitted
himself 'nobly & wisely' in Parliament, & in
battle, with the courage of his house & race. But
he was shy of men, & amongst all his
castles & estates, he best loved the solitude
of Barden. ~~There~~ then he cultivated a gentle
friendship with the monks of Bolton, who
shared his delight in the lore of the stars, in
astronomy, & in other occult sciences.

the howling of a distant herd: you are startled
for a moment by what you take for a human
cough, but it comes from yonder white cow:
the mountain sheep challenge you & stand
at bay, but you chance on no human life
in these solitary Pastures.

But we must not linger over the delights
& interests of this neighbourhood, for we
have yet to explore the whole of the Wharfe
Valley above & below. Only one thing
more: the glorious sunsets alone
are worth coming to Grassington for. Here
the sun has ^{usually} always cloud curtains to
irradiate ~~western~~ hills to sink
behind; ^{the} eastern hills to ~~show~~ in reflected
light; southern hills show every tint
of ~~green~~ & ~~purple~~ as it sinks behind the
western hills; eastern hills glow in
reflected light; while the southern hills
show every tint of ~~green~~ & ~~purple~~; the river
catches a rosy gleam, & the valley assumes
one tender hue after another as responding
to the adieu of departing day.